

Love, or Hate? Part I

by Melissa Count

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Summary: A L/J story, but not what you think! Please read and review!

1. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> "IT WASN'T HIS FAULT

Love, or hate?

Part I

"IT WASN'T HIS FAULT!!!" I belowed at the top of my lungs.

"What do you MEAN it wasn't his fault!?" James Potter screamed back at me. "Just because he's your favorite teacher does not make him not responsible for killing Peter's rat!"

"He didn't kill that rat! Peter VOLUNTERED!!!" I threw my arms up into the air and stumbled out of the common room in the direction of the first year girls' dormitory.

That James Potter! The moment I saw him I knew we'd never get along. He disgusts me!

Just walking into the compartment next to ours and setting on a dozen dung bomb! And then there comes the Sorting Hat, and puts us in the same house. UGH! I'd rather be in Slytherin!

Taking a deep breath to calm myself down, I brushed some of my dark red hair from my eyes and took a look in the mirror hanging on the wall. I wasn't really ugly, like Patunia always said, but I would never call myself pretty. At least my face wasn't covered with freckles like most red-heads were. It's not that I cared about my appearance, I didn't, but sometimes I just stopped and looked in the mirror to make sure Petunia isn't right about my looks.

"Way to start your first year in a wizard school!" I thought as the resent fight floated into my head. With one last look in the mirror, I grabbed a few books and hurried out of the room, deciding to finish my Potions essay in the library. That was the only place James and his gang wouldn't go.

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I hurried happily to lunch after an extremely successful potions class. I got the highest score on my test, an A+ on my essay, and a person compliment from Professor Gredge himself! Nothing could bring me down now!!

Caught up in a traffic jam of students, I resigned to the fact of walking behind James and his friends. They were talking quietly about something, and were quite enjoying the conversation. I decided to listen.

"God! She's such a know-it-all!" Sirius Black was saying. I slowed my walk for a second. _Were they talking about me?_

"Yeah!" Squealed Peter. "A big, fat, ugly, bossy, know it all!" I could bet everything I owe that they were!

"Who ever came up with the name 'Lily'?" I swallowed hard, fighting tears. _What's wrong with my name? I always thought it was a good name!_

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"Her mother." My heart jumped. I was afraid to hear what might come next. _My mother? What's my mother have to do with this?_

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"Yeah, her mother hated her so much that she gave her that name." I was blinking away tears. What did they know about my mother?

"I know!" said James. "She's really NOT muggle-born, but her mom was such a good divinator, that when she saw what her daughter will turn out like, she put her up for adoption!" That was the last straw, and it hit me the hardest. Not caring to hold back my tears, I bumped between James and Sirius and ran towards the Gryffindor rooms, hearing Remus mumble, "Nice!"

I flopped on my bed, pulling the curtains down at the same time. Why did they hate me so much? Just because my schoolwork mattered to me and that my mother named me Lily? It was bad enough that my only sister HATED my guts, my mother was an alcoholic and didn't care about me more than she did about how much money she had in her wallet, as long as there was enough for a vodka, and that my dad wanted everything perfect, and when he didn't get perfection, he would blame me for everything, but now I had to put up with torture at school! Just because I cared about my grades! Just because my grades were all I had!

I don't know how long I laid there, feeling sorry for myself, but it was a pretty long time. A couple of times, some girls would come in to get books or whatever. Exchange a few words, and leave. Not paying a single note to me. I was glad thought. When you feel like I felt

then, you wouldn't want to talk to some noise, curly haired, girls. After awhile, when it got dark, I heard more footsteps.

"Lily," I was James, the LAST person I wanted to talk to right now. I rolled over onto my stomach and covered my face with my hands, to keep him from seeing that I cried, even though the curtains were drawn.

"Go away." I mumbled .

"Lily, I'm very sorry."

"Fat chance."

"Lily, I didn't mean it. It was only a joke. I feel like such an idiot." I pulled the curtain aside, not caring that it was blood red.

"Look James. See? You made me cry. Be happy. You won. Everything's my fault, you can say that now. Don't worry. I know you hate me. I'll leave you and your friends alone." I dropped the curtain and fell back onto the bed, waiting to hear footsteps, but they never came.

"Lily." This time James pulled the curtain aside. "I'm sorry. I don't hate you. Just the opposite. That's why I'm acting like such an idiot. I, well, I'm not that good with girls." I looked him in the eye. He had nice eyes. A soft brown, not matching his wild personality at all.

"James, just leave me alone."

"Lilyâ€" "

"Look, even if I was so madly in love with you that I can't sleep at night, that the moment you look at me I burn up, the moment I notice one of my faults, I glare at you, that I think you're the most perfect person that ever livedâ€" I went on for awhile, but then caught myself." Just go away." He looked at me apologetically.

"I'm sorry." He said, and left.

A/N: Well, this is a fanfic, so I can make Lily and James NOT get together. But you'll have to read part 2 (coming soon in theaters near you) to see if that's what's gonna happen! Heheâ€" I'm CRUEL!

Disclaimer: If you know them, they're not mine. Happy?

2. Default Chapter Title

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Love, or hate?

Part 2

I sat down in one of the biggest chairs in the Gryffindor common room, way in the back, where I can see all, and no one could see me,

hiding behind a huge book on the history of transfiguration. I was thinking about last night.

Yes, it was true, I was head-over-heels for James Potter. And, yes, he admitted he liked me, too. But it could never work out. No, I wasn't mad at him. Yes, I was hurt.

If he really did care at all for me, he wouldn't have even joked about things he did with his friends. I was pretty sure they didn't know. After our first fight, I got a strong impression that Sirius really hated me, and I think he drove James on. I wouldn't hate the boys. I really didn't. But you know, it always makes you feel better to just deny wanting something if you can't have it.

The portrait hole swung open, and in walked, who else, but James and his gang, laughing madly, probably about the prank they've just pulled on Severus Snape. James shot a glance in my direction. I quickly hid my eyes in the book. It would be just wonderful if I never had to talk to him again.

That night it was raining really hard, and I felt like raining tears. Why was life so unfair? I thought as I climbed into bed. Why did I, first, have to have a broken childhood, and then have my teen years be shattered, too? Would my adult hood be nothing but bits that haven't been yet broken? Why did everyone had to hate me so? I was I always made fun of because I cared about the only thing I ever hadâ€”my grades? Maybe life was just not meant for me. It would be easy, I thought, to stand on a window sill and drop down, softly and silently, just like a rain drop. I would cause no tears, there would be no one who would care to shed them, and I'd save them myself, because there would be no me to do the same. It would be easy to lie down, close to the warm earth, and fall asleep. Asleep, and forever dreaming about love, and happiness, and all the other things I never had, or will haveâ€”

A/N: Well, I know it's pretty depressing. Remember, this is FAN FICTION! I can make Lily die in this!!! Please tell me what you think! Oh , and another thing! I'm going away on vacation, and won't have time to write. I'm coming back in early May (Seventh, to be exact), so don't expect part 3 till then!

Disclaimer: No one belongs to me.

3. Default Chapter Title

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Love, or hate?

Part 3

I walked down a busy hall to lunch, just from charms. Life was a nightmare for me. I got a B-. I'd expect to be grounded for YEARS by dad, put down by Petunia, and be made fun of for the rest of my life by Hogwarts, who already taken me as a bossy know-it-all. I would've done much better if I hadn't stayed up all night last night. But then again, I wouldn't have gotten even an F, because I wouldn't be here. This is what happenedâ€”

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"I'm sick and tiered of it all!" I decided loudly in the mist of the empty common room. Not caring about anything, I sprung up and stumbled out of the room.

The astronomy tower. Yes, I decided. That is most definetly going to be open, and it's pretty high up. Dying fast is always better then dying slow.

I laughed at myself. I never thought Lily Drews would end her life with suicide. Well, I wasn't really ending my life. I never had one, and how can you get rid of something you never had? I emagined what would happed when my parents got a letter that their daughter had pushed herself off the astronemy tower. Dad would just toss the letter aside, disappointed that his youngest daughter couldn't even die right. Mom would go hysterical, but will be too drunk to know what she's crying about. Petunia's gonna give a slight smile, and sit cross legged in the big red chair. Life was unfair.

I realized that I had, in the mist of my thoughts, reached the tower. I opened the door to the balcony. It squeaked loudly. I hoped no one heard. Dying in quite is always better then dying the middle of a crowd.

I took a step out. The wind ruffled my hair, but I was immediately soaked with the fat raindrops that have been falling all day. Other then that, it was worm. Dying in nice weather was always better then dying in a blizzard.

I took another step. Will ANYONE care? I wondered. Probably notâ€| What was there to care about? A bunch of dark red hair, green eyes that were altogetherto bright to be even concidered normal, some know-it-all brains, and a love for a guys that's supposedly your enemy? Nothing.

I took another step. I was there. No turning back now. I glanced back at the door I had exited. The wind blew harder and it slammed shut. Well, here it goes. I took a step off the rimâ€|

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A/N: WE'RE NOT DONE! DON'T STOP READING! Don't you just hate me? Well, I'm building up suspence_â€|_

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I'm mean, aren't

I?

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Would you just hate me if I just made Lily plop on the ground,
dead??

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There was a sudden swish, and I was rushing down. Down, down! Into
the dark. I was getting scared. Did I really want to die that bad?
Tears were rushing down my cheeks now. I don't want to die! I
suddenly
realized.

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The was a sudden swishing sound, and I felt something hard under me. Was it over? Was I dead? It didn't feel like it. It felt like a was sitting. And I was flying up! What was James' face doing in from of me? Was I going to spent all iternity with him? Too confused in my thoughts, I let myself faintâ€¦

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I stumbled down into the great hall.

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The next morning, I found myself in bed. Was it all a dream, I still wonder? No. I nightgown was still wet from the rain. I slowly dressed myself and made my way into the common room. James was sitting in one of the arm chairs, talking to Remus about something. He seemed different. James was serious, not his wild, joking self. At the sight of me, Remus popped up and rushed over to me, pinning me to the wall.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING!?" He yelled in my face. I didn't understand. What he was talking about?

"Leave me alone!" Was all I could manage before I broke free and ran out.

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I haven't talked to James since, and I had a strange feeling he was gonna try in again. What was he so mad at?

I sat down at the Gryffindor table, and pulled out a book, as I always did at lunch. Suddenly, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around. It was Sirius, looking madder than I've ever seen him. What was he going to blame me for now?

"You are just a cold blooded monster!" He shouted, trying to keep himself from killing me, as I could tell.

"What did I do now? Did my teacher make Peters potion explode?" Sirius had gone red, but it wasn't from embarrassment, it was from anger.

"You know he loves you." HE said in a whisper through his teeth. "You know he does. AND THEN YOU GO ON TRYING TO KILL YOURSELF! DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT SOMEBODY BUT LILY DREWS?!?!?!?!?" I was shaken, and taken back for a moment. But I regained confidence all together quickly.

"Does anyone anyone else, dear Sirius, care about Lily

Drews?"

"JAMES DOES! YOU KNOW THAT!"

"Does he? Let's see hereâ€¦ When was the last time he said something nice to me?" Sirius was silent, "Now when was the last time he insulted me? When was the last time he stood up for me when his friends made me burst out in tears? When was the last time he helped them?" Tears were starting to gather in my eyes. "When was the last time he listened to me and my problems? When was the last time he hollored at me?"

"HE SAVE YOUR LIFE!" Yelled Sirius at the top of his lungs. I got up, grabbed my book, ready to leave.

"Or did he ruin it?"

A/N: Well, this is the end of part 3. More to come. Remember, FANFICTION! I can make things turn out as bad as I want! MUWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Sorryâ€¦ Well, please review?

Disclaimer: So far, all characters belong to the one and only JK. (66 DAY TILL BOOK FOUR!)

4. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator">

Love, or hate?

Part 4

I stood impatiently at one of the tables in the library, waiting for James to finally say something. If he wanted to talk to me, he was the one who was going to be doing all the talking.

"Look, Lily. I just want to say that I'm very sorry for everything, weather I caused it or not."

I didn't say anything, just continued to stare at him, my arms crossed on my chest. No, I don't think I was mad at him anymore. After all, he did save my life, even though he was one of the reasons I didn't want one. But I liked the way he looked uneasily and concerned. He was concerned about me!

"Lily, I'm sorry about how Remus and Sirius are acting. I was just real worried. I love you Lily, you know that."

Again, I kept silent. When he looked worried he would let his bangs fall across his glasses, but he never brushed them away. It was the look that made all girls kill. And here I was, standing in front of one of the most popular, smartest, funnies, coolest, the most EVERYTHING boy in the school, listening to him tell me that he loved me.

"I guess you never realize how much you love someone until after they're gone. Lily, I felt like I lost you that night. Lily, please forgive me. Please give me a chance."

That was what I've been waiting for. I took a couple confident steps towards him, and put my lips on his. He was definitely surprised at first, but then he calmed, and I felt his arms go around my shoulders.

I pulled my lips away from him, as much as I hated to, and gave him a confident smile. I felt my eyes spark up. Why was I so easy? He gave a sigh of relief, and with a quick smile, pulled me back into a lip-lock.

A/N: Well, I'm done! Lily and James get together, as you can see. No, I didn't kill her. I'm not one of those people that likes to kill their favorite characters. Even though Lily's not mine, she's my favorite to write about. Well, depending on the responses I get, I might do a sequel to this.

Disclaimer: None of the characters belong to me. I wonder what'll happen if I don't write this??? Dare you to try it!

P.S. Sorry if the spelling irritates you. My spell check's going crazy, and it won't work. One's again, SORRY!!!

End
file.